LOVELY

DOLLY DAY.

I've told you 'bout de banjo,
De fiddle and de bow;
Likewise about de cotton-field,
De shubble and de hoe;
I've sung about de bulgine
Dat blew de folks away,
And now I'll sing a little song
About my Dolly Day.

Oh! Dolly Day looks so gay,
I run all round and round,
To hear her fairy footsteps play,
As she comes o'er de ground.

I like to see de clover
Dat grows about de lane,
I like to see de 'bacco plant,
I like de sugar cane;
But on de old plantation
Der's nothing half so gay,
Der's nothing dat I love so much
As my sweet Dolly Day.
Oh, Dolly Day, &c.

When de work is over,
I make de banjo play,
And while I strike de dulcem notes,
I think of Dolly Day.
Her form is like a posey—
De lily of de vale,
Her voice is far de sweetest sound
Dat floats upon de gale.
Oh, Dolly Day, &c.

Massa gib me money
To buy a peck ob corn,
I'se gwine to marry Dolly Day,
And den build myself a barn.
Den when I'm old and feeble,
And when my head is gray,
I'll trabble down de hill ob life
Along wid Dolly Day.
Oh, Dolly Day, &c.

J. Andrews, No. 38 Chatham St. N. Y.
Printer of Songs, Circulars, Cards, Labels &c. &c. Neat, Quick & Cheap

POLLY DAY.